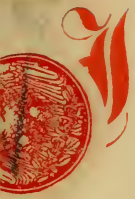
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IN THE DAWN,
AND OTHER VERSES



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IN THE DAWN.



IN THE DAWN, AND OTHER VERSES

By W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS



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A few of the verses in this little book were first published in a preceding privately printed booklet, entitled "Personalia," in which they appeared as originally composed, some of them, many years ago. For the present collection they have been more or less revised, given new titles in some cases, and typographical errors have been corrected. It is hoped they may thus have been made more suitable for printing with the later compositions. Most of the other verses appear here for the first time.

W. I. L. A.

Irvingcroft, Montclair, N. J.,
February 22, 1905.

TO THEE:

Dear Other Self!
Who art more fair to me than the Ideal
Which I aspire unto, that Higher Self,
Of which I dream, and ever hope to be,
But which, alas! forever my vain strivings
Fail to realize; and save in Thee,
And in my dreams, remains unlived.

CONTENTS.

PHOTOGRAVURE from Negative by Pach Bros., New York, . . *Frontispiece*

TO THEE, (Dedication) . . 9

IN THE DAWN, ... 13

AT NIGHT, ... 15

REST, ... 17

A THOUGHT, ... 19

MUSIC, ... 21

O, TO SING AS THE BIRD SINGS, . 23

SILENT MESSAGES, . . . 25

LOVE IS A TENDER FLOWER, . 27

A VALENTINE, ... 29

AS EVERLASTING AS THE SEA, . 31

WITH A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER, . . 33

THE BLUET, ... 35

CAROLYN, ... 37

THE STILL HOUR, . . . 39

I THANK THEE, ... 41

CHANGE, ... 43

ALONE, ... 45

LIFE AND LOVE, . . . 47

WINTER SUNSET, ... 49

ASUNDER, ... 51

FOR LOVE, ... 53

SOUL LOVE, ... 55

DREAM MEMORIES, . . . 57

A GARDEN MEMORY, . . . 59

LONG AGO, ... 61

THE SACRED PAST, . . . 63

IN THE DAWN.

In the dawn,
In the virginal, pure dawn
Of the youthful, blossoming summer,
To walk, alone, uncovered,
Through the fragrant aisles of orchards
That lead onward,
That lead outward,
To the Undiscovered Country,
To the Arcady of Dreams,
Where dwell our hopes, the afterwhiles,
And loves that might have been!
To hear the playful pipes of Pan;
The Satyrs dance, the Naiads sing:
To feel the youth of Everything
And all that makes Life glad.

AT NIGHT.

At night,
When all the World is still—
The earth long hushed,
'Mid brooding peace—
To muse beneath the stars;
To hear the symphony of Night,
The music of the Spheres;
To gaze through golden openings,
Beyond the enfolding dome,
To Spaces of Eternal Light,
Whence streams the Glory through,
To bless the sleeping face of Earth,
The Soul of Man, renew.

REST.

Ah, What joy !
To lie upon the clover in the shade
Of some o'er-hanging Monarch of the field;
To rest upon a bed of flowers made,
And breathe the perfumes which the place pervade
While there, of weariness and worry, healed !

A THOUGHT.

We suffer as we love:
The more intense the love, the deeper, truer,
More unselfish and divine; the keener pain.
Ah God! how must it be with Thee?
Thou who lovest all so infinitely!

MUSIC.

When soothing strains of music float
To one aweary, unaware;
To other Worlds, before remote,
The Soul is lifted from despair.

O, TO SING AS THE BIRD SINGS.

O, to sing as the bird sings,
As wild, and sweet and free;—
A Passion pure, that throbs and rings
In tuneful ecstasy!

SILENT MESSAGES.

Our eyes are speaking, though the lips be dumb,
They tell what spoken words could ne'er impart:
Through channels, unimpeded, to the Heart,
The Silent Messages are sent and come!

LOVE IS A TENDER FLOWER.

Love is a tender flower,
Which needs must be
Softly moistened by the dew,
Fondly smiled on by the sun,
Gently kissèd by the wind,
And coyly wooed by summer night,
Its fragrant petals then unfold
To bless its Love, and blooms
The perfect Rose!

A VALENTINE.

What shall I give Thee, Love, to-day,
My Sweetheart and my wife?
Save,
Love for love
and
Faith for faith,
My heart, my Soul, my life!

AS EVERLASTING AS THE SEA.

Vast is the sea,
 And deep, the sea;
But ah, Sweetheart,
 For Thee, for Thee,
My love as vast,
 As deep;—'twill be
As everlasting
 As the Sea.

WITH A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

A four-leaf clover! May it be
The emblem of prosperity
For all that's Thine, and Thee!

As I am Thine, so then on me
Shall Fortune, though unworthily,
Bestow, because of Thee.

And thus together blessed shall we,
Though two, as One forever be,
Through Love, and Thee.

THE BLUET.

Dearest floweret of the meadow,
Symbol of the Good and Fair,
Growing simply, all unconscious
Of thy perfect life and rare.

Unpretentious, unattractive—
Save to those who wisely see—
More than all thy brighter comrades
Thou art beautiful to me.

Nestling closely to the greenness
Of some unassuming sod,
Thy sweet face turned ever heavenward
And thy golden heart, to God!

CAROLYN.

She is sweet and she's fair,
Very fair;
And her eyes and her hair
Lend an air
That subtly encharm,
Everywhere.

And her song and her smile,
They beguile,
As the swift-moving shade
On the dial,
Unheeded, the fleet
Hours while.

O she's sweet, and so fair,
Very fair;
So innocent, and
Debonair,
With her none compare,
She's so rare!

THE STILL HOUR.

How pleasant in the darkening solitude,
When at the end of toilsome, sordid days,
To stand beneath God's vast Infinitude,
And listen to the chaunt of Nature's praise.

'Tis good to rest me here beneath the stars,
Uncovered and heart-open, as I may:
The wearied Soul at last its door unbars
And, filling then with peace, I softly pray.

I THANK THEE.

I Thank Thee

For the boon of crimson dawn,
The golden light of autumn noon,
The lingering shadows of twilight,
The friendly stars of summer night.

I Thank Thee

For the song of mating birds,
The cheerful music of the brook,
The soothing melody of trees,
The rainy freshness of the breeze.

I Thank Thee

For the rest at end of day,
The quiet hour after toil,
The book, the song, the tenderness,
The deeper, dearer silences.

I Thank Thee

For the beauty of the Earth,
The joys of Nature and of Life,
The toilsome days, the gain, the rest,
The struggle, and the peace at last.

CHANGE.

"Change?" No change, no growth!
The saddest thing of Life
Most blessèd is, and hope
Of all aspiring souls:

So, too, may not our other
Sorrows, blessings be;
And, mayhap, sweetest joy,
The greatest woe?

ALONE.

We are alone—
The wife, the child, the friend,
Who shares our life and love and heart,
Knows us not, save but in part,
Nor can know;
God, alone, who made the Soul,
Knows His own—
We are alone!

LIFE AND LOVE.

Oh, the hollow mockery of Life!
The certainty of Death!
The ever-changing World,
And friends that change with Time!

The hopes that died with youth!
The dreams of Fame and Gold!
All, ah, all are gone!
And what remains?

Love!
But love is—Love!

WINTER SUNSET.

The winter Sun hath gone to rest,
Behind the Hills he loveth best,
—Dear Hills, that hide the West!

The maiden blush of love confessed
Suffuseth now a snow-white breast,
—First blush, the tenderest!

It slowly mounteth to the skies
And coloreth the brows, the eyes,
—Sweet eyes, with love's surprise!

Ah, would that I might Thee apprise
Of all Thou mayest not surmise,
—Ere fades the light and dies!

ASUNDER.

Peace of the moon-lit night,
And the golden path on the sea!
Ah, would that my Spirit might
Go over the waves to Thee!

But the waters gleam evermore,
And the night-winds murmur and sigh;
The waves come in to the shore
To fall at my feet, and die.

FOR LOVE.

For love the light of dawn awakes the earth,
And paints the tender colors of the sky;

For love the happy birds in tuneful mirth
Enchant the cool retreats where lovers lie;

For love the evening shadows, soft and sweet,
Mysterious spread their gloom, where lovers meet;

For love the ardent moon, now glows, now pales,
As passing night-mist or reveals or veils;

For love the gentle night-winds soft caress
Sweet faces full of young Love's tenderness;

For love the waters stir with unrest deep,
And stars keep silent watch while lovers sleep.

SOUL LOVE.

I.

Thy thrilling tones I hear,
when gently sway the pines;
Thy love-lit face appears,
in softly radiant skies;
Thy tender smile enthralls me,
when I gaze on flowers;
Thy soothing tears bedew my face,
in gentle summer showers.

II.

The yearning Soul finds voice,
when bow caresses strings;
The love unuttered speaks,
when budding Nature sings;
The memory of love
in other Worlds I keep;
In dreams alone I meet Thee, Love,
and, silent, smile and weep!

L. OF C.

DREAM MEMORIES.

Dream smiles and dream wiles,
Dream faces—ah! so sweet—
Tender touches of dream fingers,
Eager lips that dream lips meet.

Love lies in dream eyes,
Dream love, divinely deep;
And the memory o'er-lingers
Long the barriers of sleep.

A GARDEN MEMORY.

I knew a sunny garden,
In the long-ago,
Where pinks and phlox and poppies grew,
And roses, white as snow;
And yellow roses, too, were there,
And violets, tender blue,
But the sweetest flower of all
Was you, my Dear, was you!

LONG AGO.

The moon's soft light,
On blossoms white,
Brings other nights to me,
When visions bright
Enthralled my sight,—
I was with Thee, with Thee!

The perfumed air,
So cool and rare,
Recalls to memory,
The image fair,
Beyond compare,
Of Thee, my Love, of Thee!

The night winds low
Breathe soft and slow
Our love-words tremblingly,
The tender glow
Of long-ago
Abides with me, with me!

THE SACRED PAST.

I.

I journeyed to the Past,
The Past, with its pain and joy;
But the pain was all forgot,
I only remembered the Boy,

Who loved and laughed and sang,
And the Maid, who loved the Boy;—
The sorrow was all forgot,
I only remembered the joy.

II.

I journeyed to the Past,
The Past, with its memories sweet;
I trod once more the paths
Where paced our youthful feet,

The path by the edge of the Sea,
Where at twilight we used to meet
The heart-aches all were forgot,
And Memories only were sweet.

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